

THE

## Asses Complaint against Balaam;

Or the Cry of the

## COUNTRY

AGAINST

## Ignorant and Scandalous Ministers.

*To the Reverend Bishops.*

**Y**EE *mitred Members of the House of Peers,*  
The *Kings Churchwardens,* and *Gods Overseers,*  
*Fathers in Christ,* we your poor *Children* cry  
Oh give us *Bread of Life,* or else we die.

For we are bur'd'ned with our *old Sir Johns,*  
Who when we ask for *Bread* do give us *stones;*  
And only *cant* a *Hemily* or two,  
Which *Daws* and *Parrots* may be taught to doe;  
*Drunkards Canonically, Unhallowed Bears,*  
That name *God* ofner in their *oaths* then *Prayers.*

Into what darknesse will our *Church* be hurld  
If such as these be call'd *The light of this world?*  
These that have nought to prove themselves devout  
Save only this, *That Cromwell turn'd them out.*

Mistake us not, we do not mean those *loyall*  
And learned *soules,* who in the fiery tryall  
Sufferd for *King and conscience sake,* let such  
Have double honour, we shall nere think much;

But this our tender conscience disapproves,  
That *Ravens* should return as well as *Doves;*  
And *croak* in *Pulpits* once again to bring  
A second Judgment on our *Church and King.*

Though *England* doth not fear another losse,  
'Cause *God* hath *burn'd* his *Rods* at *Charing crosse;*  
Yet *Clergy fins* may call him to the *Doore*  
Ev'n him who *whip'd* and *scourg'd* them out before.

Oh therefore ye that read the sacred *Laws*  
Eject their *Persons,* and disown their cause:

*God,* and the *King* have both condemn'd this crew,  
Then let them not be *patroniz'd* by you.

'Tis not their *Cassocks,* nor their *Surplices*  
We quarrell at, there is no hurt in these;  
We own their *Decency,* yet every *Foole*  
Cannot be call'd a *Monk* that weares a *Cowle;*  
Were *grace,* and *learning* wanting (by your leaves)  
We would not pin our faith on your *Lawn sleeves;*  
'Tis *Aurons breastplate,* and those *sacred words*  
Become a *Churchman* best, THAT THAT my *Lords*  
Which pious *Baxter* makes his livery,  
*Would all our Curates were but such as he!*

Pardon my *Lords,* we do not make this stir  
To vindicate the *factions Presbyter;*  
We hate his ways, and equally disown  
The *zealous Rebel,* as the *Idle Droan;*  
And beg as oft to be deliver'd from  
The *Kirk of Scotland,* as the *Sea of Rome;*  
We pray for *Bishops* too, Oh may ye stand  
To heale the sad distractions of the *Land;*  
Then give us *Priests* *loyall* and *painfull* too,  
To give to *Cesar,* and to us our due.

God save King *Charles* our *Christian faiths* Defender,  
And bring Religion to its wonted Splendour.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

**L**oyall and Orthodox Reader, Judge charitably, I am neither  
*Presbyterian,* nor *Phanatick,* but as true a Son of the Church  
of *England* as thy self; for thy further satisfaction, I shall (God  
willing) present thee with another paper, to clear my honest in-  
tention in this.

Lewis Giffen.